

THE CHARLES VIEWER

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SPRING 1973

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A Contrast OF Rains

As night settles,
the bleak sky turns murky black and the rain beats
relentlessly on the city.
The sloppy slosh of tires on wet pavement ceases slowly.

AS I WALK THE TWISTED ROADS OF MY PEACEFUL NEIGHBORHOOD,

A homeless drunk,
shivering with the cold and reeking of vomit, squats alone
in a doorway,
too aching and miserable to move on and find shelter.

I CAN FEEL THE WARMTH OF THE GENTLE RAIN AGAINST MY FACE.

A long orange peel,
rotten around the edges and bloated with dirty water,
floats with the filth,
and finally slips through the slimy grates of a foul sewer.

THE SMELL OF RICH BROWN SOIL AND FRESHLY CUT GREEN GRASS HITS ME,

Thin bellied cats
side-step puddles which mat their fur, and slink into alleys
where garbage cans,
stinking with the sodden remnants of yesterday, await them.

AND I CAN FEEL THE WARMTH OF THE WET ROAD BENEATH BARE FEET.

A greasy film
coats the surface of the roads and sidewalks in vulgar array
like a mold growth
seeking nourishment on which to survive in order to spread.

THE SWAYING TREES FORM A CANOPY HIGH OVER THE ROAD,

A man walking,
his hands in his pockets and his head down, stops now and again
to pick through trash,
and disappears at last into an old adult movie house.

AND I WALK ON, ENJOYING THE RAIN WHICH SURROUNDS MY SOUL.

The rain, falling
in a torturous drizzle, brings out all of the musty stench
of a city
littered with defeated dreams, wretched people, and misery.

Karen Miller '74

THE PROBLEMS WITH VIOLENCE
OR
WHAT DOES IT TAKE?

The cobblestone street narrowed as it made its way around the curve. On one side, an old rust-eaten Cadillac sat unattended while, only a few yards down the street, two teenage boys polished their new, foreign compact. An ice-cream truck, blaring its honky melody, weaved its way through the cars and out of sight. Blaring horns and screeching brakes signaled that the working force had started the trek homeward. As the supper hour neared, the streets gradually cleared of hockey nets, Barbie dolls, dogs, and children. In passing, husbands and fathers, white and blue collar workers alike, each exchanged salutations and the latest bit about some sports event, then slowly disappeared behind his apartment door.

Later that night, the figures of a man and woman appeared in the hallway of one of the older condominiums. The rotted, wood stairs cracked from the pressure of their weight. At the top of the dark staircase, a light flickered, illuminating a few dead cockroaches and flies that lay scattered on the floor. Footprints in the dust and dirt lead to the only door still intact. The two figures stopped short before the doorway. The man went to reach for the bell when the woman put her hand on his arm. She broke the silence. "Honey, let's give him a few more days, he must have seen the note we left with the check for the rent," pleaded the woman. He glanced at her sympathetically and replied, "We're here now." He reached over and rang the bell. In the distance, a low, grumpy voice grunted, "Who is it?" "It's us," replied the man and woman in unison. "I'm busy, I'll talk to ya later." A door slammed shut in the distance. Turning to her husband the woman said, "That's okay, we can try again tomorrow." With that in mind, the couple retreated back down the corridor.

Two days passed. Once again the couple traveled up the stairs. "Why don't we wait; he'll probably be taking a nap," requested the woman. Her husband gave her a stern look and answered, "No, we've let this go too far; we can't ignore the conditions of our apartment any longer. He's taken advantage of your good nature and of my patience one too many times. He told us when we signed the lease that he would take care of any maintenance difficulties and expenses that occurred, and I intend to make him live up to that condition. This place isn't worth what we're paying and you know that as well as I do," he continued, "We have no place else to go until they finish the house, so as long as we have to stay here we have to make the best of it."

Once again they went upstairs. The same dead bugs remained on the floor, more parched than before. The man's large husky figure overshadowed that of his wife. He knocked on the door. Impatiently he knocked again. A few minutes later scuffling noises were heard from the inside. When the door opened, the couple couldn't see in the dark room. They could barely make out the petite silhouette of the person who opened the door. The woman told them she was the only one home, so they headed downstairs once again.

The next day while her husband was at work, the woman went up to see the landlord by herself. She knocked on the door; it opened a crack. A voice came from within the room, "Oh, it's only you. Look, I told you I'd see you later!" "Yes, but we thought..." "I don't care what you 'thought'," he interrupted. "When I'm free, I'll call you!" The door slammed in her face. Later that day during dinner she told her husband about what she did and what had happened. He looked at her. She was afraid to say anymore. "He had a nerve. Look honey, I don't mind when he's rude to me, but I won't put up with that." She tried to convince him that it really didn't matter. "He said he was going to call," she said assuringly. "We'll see," came his reply.

The couple sat by their phone that whole evening: no calls. The man grabbed his coat, headed for the door and yelled to his wife, "I'll be right back, you stay here." The door slammed, causing some loose plaster to fall. The man fumbled his way up the stairs in the darkness. The door of the apartment was shut. The radio blared in the background. He knocked on the door. No answer. He knocked again; the light in the room went out. He pounded harder. Muffled voices came from inside the room. "I know you're in there, open up," he demanded. Silence. He pounded again and screamed, "If you don't open this door, I'll break it down!" Cynical laughter came from within the room. The door went down with a thundering crash. The man rushed in and grabbed the landlord by his throat. Now he would listen.

Lisa Beaudry '74

SMOKE

The smell of the weed
floats thru the room
people trying to forget
trying to get their heads together,
and forgetting about tomorrow----

Devella Brown '74

A SHELL

Walking on the seashore the other
day, my eyes caught something shiny
riding the waves up ahead.
I stooped to pick it up. It was a
shell, once golden, that had been
painted red, green, and black.
What a shame its goldness had
been darkened....

A golden shell,
once unseen by human eyes,
once untouched by human hands,
once uncorrupted by human minds
had been noticed, touched, corrupted.
Its colors mock the change in you.
You, too, were once golden.
But now, you are like the painted shell
shaded with anger, envy, and evil.

Karen Karas '74

In my moments of peace...
life can have no wrongs.
A glass of wine and a
casual cigarette make this late night morning.
I am not tired. I feel good.
My guardian angel is around me
and my protection is sound.
I have found--
out that life is such a pre-destined,
organized and controlled event.
A beautiful, magnificent
way
of being must be for all
because it is meant to be.
So forget the misery...it comes and goes
like teen-age lovers. Sometimes.

Listen to the silence
of all--non-communications;
And you will find
your peace of mind.

Martha French '73

Once I was a country girl--
All I wanted was my country man.
A farm house, garden, and, some animals
would be ecstasy.
I was fresh and pure
like the air and morning dew fresh green pasture.

Now, I was curious.
The city life has gnawed its way
into me... city people--
Tell you of the evil ways and show
you how to make a fast buck.
what's your game baby?
2 years.

And now I go to the country
and I can't sit down. I'm not
a pure country girl any longer.
I have been indoctrinated
into the ways of the masses.

I am sad...my loss is
great: simplicity and love.
My gain: is of the future
Transgressions of time and age--
is all it is. But the realization
is much more.

Martha French '73



THE HOUR OF GLOOM

Tonight is the night! There is no sense in putting it off any longer; I have waited long enough. Compared to the many hours that I spend thinking about it and the excuses to avoid it, it will take no time at all. The hour of gloom is upon me.

My room begins to feel dark and cold. I feel all alone. As I lie on my bed, I picture the piece of metal in my desk drawer waiting to be used. I visualize the whole scene from the moment I take the rod from my drawer to the moment I finish with it. Knowing that it will soon be over gives me a feeling of relief.

My thoughts begin to drift back to my family, to my childhood, and to my past in general. I search my mind for some point in my life that stands out, but there does not appear to be any. All those things that are important to me hold little meaning for anyone else. I live the typical life of a small town girl. I remember all the firsts of my life: my first days of school, my first date, my first boyfriend, and my first heartache. I remember my graduations. How I longed for the day that I would be finished with schools altogether! It is not important now.

I am suddenly brought back to reality by a pounding at the door. The knob turns, but the door does not open. It is locked. A voice whispers, "Are you sleeping?" It is the girl from the room across the hall, Jenny. She is wondering if I will go out with them tonight. I give the usual excuse that I am tired, and she leaves.

As I settle back on my bed, I hear the voices and laughter of the other girls in the dorm. They are getting ready for their night out. After all, it is Saturday night in the big city. It makes me feel funny inside knowing how unaware they are of what I am planning.

Once more I begin to think about my life. I recall the plans that I made during the summer. I was no longer going to be a part of that small town. I would come to the city, and I would make something of myself. I had set tremendous goals. If all went according to my plans, my future held many years of excitement. It is not that simple.

Suddenly it occurs to me that I am doing what I always do. I try to avoid the issue. How can I count on dreams? Is that not what my future is based on? It did not happen yet, so how can I relate to it?

I cannot wait any longer. I must make myself do it now. I will walk over to that drawer, and I will be brave. I will open it, and--wait--it is not there! Where could it be?

Fumbling through the drawer, I feel something beneath a pile of papers. There it is, the shiny piece of metal that will solve all my problems. While staring at its sharp end, many thoughts race through my mind. As I lift it out of the drawer, I begin to feel hot and weak. Beads of perspiration run down my face as I bring it closer to me. Repeating over and over "I can do it," I thrust the pen to the paper and begin writing, "Tonight is the night! . . ."

Nancy O'Connell '73

MELTING SKY

Over the trees, just like the wind
I long to be
I'm having one of my dreams
and I long to be in your head with you

Fly through the day, into the night
I go again
Searching for something

Higher and higher I go, never looking
back to see
Only what is in front of me is clear

The Sun, the moon, and me
we blend together
melting sky, and that's the way
it should be

I'm longing to find the way
Into something so unreal
Far, far away I go
and I just may never come back

The sun, moon, and me are a
melting sky
Together always together
us three

Barbara Cook '74

Justice

We bought the last two
from the smiling balloonman
standing on the corner
and ran up the street laughing--
proud--with our treasures.
But somewhere--catching our
breath--
she opened a tight hand
and it was gone.
I let mine fly after it--
after all--they were best
friends.

Marie Rivers '74

To Him:

I've heard there's
a thin line between
love and hate,

there's also a thin
line between
promises and reality....

Devella Brown '74

Idyllic is a word--
it is in the minds of the
dreamers--The dreamers of
the world will
allow man to change. The doers
are the slaves of the dreamers.
The factory worker is a doer--
a pension can become a dream, too. Comes true.

What will the dreamers dream of next?

Martha French '73

PEACE

The tranquility of peace,
Will it ever reach the land?
The images of homeless,
Hurt, hungry stretched-out hands.

Tears of falling blood stream
From tired, weary faces,
Unable to be comforted
By human love embraces.

The whole world is so near,
Yet has drifted so far,
And some people will die,
Before they know it,
Not knowing why they are.

Deborah DiPietro '73

Sob Suddenly, the Bongos are Moving

Everywhere he looked, he was surrounded by stark white walls. The room was spacious and the ceiling low. He was strapped down and was covered by a tissue thin white sheet. He could not look up because the stark white light would blind his eyes. He stared uncomfortably around the room. Not a speck of dust anywhere. The gleaming silver instruments lay in their trays. His fixed stare never missed a detail. The white cabinets, bleached white floor, white ceiling. It was blinding. He closed his eyes; the silence lay like a thick fog over him. He slowly opened one eye. Everything he viewed seemed to swim before him. He reached out, but always missed. But, he only thought he reached out. From out of the stillness he felt a heavy hand. He opened his eyes groggily. He tried to speak, but his jaws felt too weak to open. A voice spoke. It was a deep voice. It seemed to cut the impenetrable stillness. The voice belonged to the man with the heavy hand. "Everything was going to be fine," the voice whispered. The operation was almost over. And suddenly, the man started sobbing. He would have a new heart, and something to live for. Soon, he would be able to hear a new heart beating rapidly in his chest. He would be able to feel it vibrating rapidly like a pair of African bongo drums. Then, the strain was too much for him. Suddenly, he closed his weary eyes, and settled his tired head on the wrinkled pillow forever.

Karen Trembowler '74

Dragon flies-all colors-

on a summer afternoon -

pretty - double

winged - conversation - aren't

they though - sun is warm

on my back - I want to

be alone -

Martha French '73



The experience in my past will be
outweighed by what I will gain from
my tomorrows.

Tears will only make water.

Don't

drown

in

your

puddle.

Kris Baker '74

waiting..

my room gets so cold in the night
--cold, just from the emptiness.

without fear of ruining my reputation
i will say-
i will admit-
it was warmer,
and so was i
when you were here with me,
at my side.

now you've gone,
and loneliness has coldly crept in
in your place.
sometimes i find myself
crouched to my window sill
expecting you to come
and ask me to keep you company in the night
like before.
but even by the time
the sun has sprouted up
you have not appeared,
and i am so lonely for
someone to need me.
we were brought together
through sick circumstances---
two lonely people--
in trouble--
needing each other's help,
and i guess that's what kept us together
for this long, hard year.

but now you are bold,
and strong,
and need no one to help you stand.
so you go,
leaving me behind to falter
a snowflake, which has drifted to my shoulder
now weighs me down, but i cannot bring myself to
call someone new to my side for help,
for i know that they too will leave me, when their
time comes and i'm not ready for the pain to begin again.
so i stand by, quietly,
and wait.
hoping you'll need me-
hoping you're not as independent as you seem.
and worrying
for fear that snowflake
just may overcome me...

RETREAT

"You keep telling me that, ma! I'm fed up with your rules and regulations! I'm sorry, but I just don't see how you treat me this way for my own good!"

"Regan, if you could only understand how hard it is for me to raise you by myself! Now that your father is gone, and Billy is married, you're really all I have left. I want so much to give you a good life and keep you on the right track. Jerry is not the one for you! You're--"

"I know, ma." She sneered sarcastically. "I'm only eighteen and don't know my own mind. You don't have to treat me like a baby anymore! I'm not." She was becoming hysterical. "What is it with you? Is it because you have nothing better to do with your time than bug me? Or are you taking out all your frustrations on the only one here to listen to you?"

"Now you listen here, Reg--"

"No, ma. You listen to me! I've taken just about all I can." She started to choke up. "I'm at the point of losing my sanity, and I've got to get out of here! It's all settled. Jerry and I are leaving town this afternoon. We're gonna find a nice little place far away from here!"

"No, Regan..." She sobbed, "You can't leave me alone...You don't know what you're doing..."

Regan clattered down the stairs with a suitcase in each hand. She heard Jerry's familiar horn beeping for her, and she ran out the front door. Her mother was in tears, begging her to stay, but her pleas were all in vain. Regan had made up her mind, for once in her life.

Suddenly she halted. Her mind and body froze with fear and confusion, hitting her all at once. Her conscience began to haunt her. Her mother would be alone and would have no one to care for. But then again, Billy and Laura paid her frequent visits, and they were always cheerful company. And she knew she wanted to be with Jerry more than anything else. She finally decided this was the only way she could do it without her mother interfering.

Regan heard a horn blaring two, three, four times, somewhere in the distance. She felt as though she had been standing there for hours. She darted down the front walk to the car and turned to look back one more time. Regan could vaguely make out her mother in the picture window through the dense fog that separated them. The little white house seemed to beckon her back. Jerry revved his motor, and she jumped in the car just in time, for the threatening thunderclouds had burst, and a great downpour engulfed them.

"What the hell were you doing out there, Regan? I thought you were sure about this!"

"Well Jerry, I am! But it suddenly hit me, that I was on my own the minute I walked out. It was the strangest feeling, ya know?"

"Mmmm. Still want to head south?"

"Yeah. The further away from here, the better."

They reached Virginia early that evening. The storm turned out to be more than what they assumed were only summer showers. It had been pouring steadily from the moment they left Shady Lane, New Jersey, and the visibility was extremely poor. Regan could feel the tension building up between them and anxiously turned the radio on. The weather forecast only made matters worse. The outlook for the rest of the week was hurricane conditions.

"Uh, Jer, don't ya think we ought to shack up for the night? It's getting late, and the weather isn't gettin' any better."

"Come on, Regan! Don't you trust my driving? You did when I was dating you!"

"Let's not get rowdy, huh? I was only suggesting--"

"I know. I know. We're both getting on each other's nerves. We'll go a few more miles and stop...Okay?"

She shot a nervous glance at him and forced a smile. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

Two hours later they spotted a neon sign flashing ROOMS FOR RENT and pulled over. It was a dingy little place, but they were too tired to even care.

They awoke early the next afternoon. Peering out the window, Regan saw no change in the dreary skies. With a nauseous feeling in the pit of her stomach, she rose to get dressed. There was no conversation between the two of them until they reached the border of North Carolina.

Jerry broke the heavy silence with a deep sigh. "Well, babe, when do you want to start looking for a place?"

Regan stared blankly at the hypnotizing rain on the windshield and did not reply.

"Hey, what's the matter? You're not chickening out on me, are you? I mean, you've been acting funny since we left your place!"

She turned to him abruptly, as though hearing him for the first time. "Jerry, I'm so confused! It's still raining...I'm sick of driving around...and I feel like I'm gonna throw up!" She started to sob. "But I know I want to live with you, and there's nothing to stop me now!"

"Do you really want to? I think I know...You're afraid, right?" He mimicked her sarcastically, "You want me to take you back home...back to your mommy!"

"No! I...Jerry, I don't know anymore!"

He pulled over to the curb and stopped the car. He shook her angrily. "Make up your mind, Regan! It's either me or your mother! You know that if I take you back, things will never be the same for us!"

Regan began crying hysterically and threw up all over the front seat. "Take me home...home! Just get me back home!"

It seemed like days before they reached New Jersey. Regan had regained her composure, but only temporarily. As she looked ahead, the future seemed to collapse around her. She knew she should go back. But at the same time, Regan knew she needed Jerry. As they neared her hometown, she broke out in a cold sweat. The exit for Shady Lane was two blocks away...Now it was just a sharp turn of the steering wheel. That's all it was going to take to separate them forever.

In a split second, she grabbed the wheel from Jerry shouting, "No! No! Jerry, take me with you! I'm sure now! Really s--"

There was a bus headed in their direction, going ten miles over the speed limit! There was no time to swerve.

She tossed and turned and mumbled, "No, stop! Ahhhh..."

"Sister, Sister! Sister Regan, wake up! You've had a nightmare! There, there. You're all right now. God has been watching you. You're safe!"

She sat up, tears streaming down her ghost-white cheeks. "Sister Mary, I didn't mean to! I mean, I took the wrong turn and we crashed! It was too late to go back. It will always be too late!"

"Come now. Get your habit! We'll be late for Mass!"

ON AFROS AND IDENTITY

Someone told me that
Afros
are out of
style,
as long as I'm
myself
I will last
forever.

Devella Brown '74

on seeing the ocean's recline
as the ocean draws back
it leaves bubbles foaming;
they seep and disappear
through the tiny crevices
where the rocks overlap.

Carolyn Winkler

such a day

on such a day
the gulls pushed their bodies
only to be pushed farther backwards;
no progress, at all, could be made in
the northwest wind.
the effort, exhausted;
the air was carrying bleats of cry.

Carolyn Winkler

Listen--

songs echo the thoughts
that lie deep inside the mind
of their composer.

Karen Karas '74

POVERTY

You have seen the shacks that I have
Come to call home.
Dear friends, you gave them to me
And I'm supposed to say thanks.

You have all heard the cries from my
children who are hungry.
But, as you say, they're my children;
I should find food to feed them.

You should work like any "decent" human,
You say.
But when I come seeking jobs,
You turn me away.

If I slept in those shacks and said thank-you
If I fed my young with no money or job,
Would I not be like the God to whom you pray?
And if I were, would you worship me as you
do him each day?

But you keep telling me: "We brought you here and set you free,
So show some pride and act like men."
You freed me, sir?
From whom? and when?

Karen Trembowler '74

People are dying
People are starving
and
we
are
talking
about
Lemonade

Barbara Cook '74

Life is the continuity of the living,
which is a constant time piece full of
forever repetition.
Life feeds you with placid dreams and
unintentionable regrets.
It quenches the thirst of what's done is done
and it acts as a reason for all faults.
Life reflects upon everything and everyone
bringing out impressions of assorted moods in
assorted forms of uniqueness of almost
anybody's gifted personality.

Kris Baker '74

Once I made a golden sandcastle
that took so long to create.

It was something that was completely mine
and it was honest and truthful and real.

How everybody around me envied it, and
I was so proud.
As I sat and marveled at my masterpiece
I hoped that it would never be destroyed.

The tide came rushing up behind me and
soon a wave came smashing down its sun-baked walls.
It was no more.

I tried to put it back together again--
but it was an impossible task.
That was the first thing that had been completely mine.

Now as I think of my once precious sandcastle
I can't help thinking of you.
It

only
took one wave....

Kris Baker '74

FREEDOM

Freedom is a toy wrapped in a package.

When it is suddenly thrown in your lap,
you break the tie that binds it.
You play and play until it is broken
and exists no more.

Susan Goering '74

Today was Wednesday so she know they would be here. Her parents came every Wednesday without fail ever since she had been here. She dreaded Wednesdays for that reason. She did not want them to come; in fact she hated them. Whenever she saw them, she felt like smashing their heads together. It was their fault she was in this stupid place with all of these crazy people. God knows, she had tried to get out of here a million times. She even threatened to kill anyone who came near her, just so they would leave her alone. But three doctors had jumped her and put some contraption around her so that she could not move. Those doctors were really vicious; they would probably beat someone to death just because they felt like it. Oh well, she would be out of here soon enough.

A streak of sunlight shone in from the small window, creating grotesque figures on the wall. For a while she sat there imagining she knew all the creatures on the wall. She talked and laughed with them, and watched them dance around the room. But then she opened the blinds completely, forcing the creatures to disappear. She shrieked with laughter as she did this.

At the sound of her voice a nurse came hurrying in. She was a heavy set, middle-aged woman with a worn face.

"Vida, Vida, what is the matter?"

Vida turned around suddenly, annoyed at having been interrupted.

"Hello you fat bitch," she smiled sweetly. "The matter? Nothing is the matter, you idiot. What is the matter with you? Are you sick or something?" Vida's voice rising. "Jesus, can't a person even breathe around here without everyone jumping on her back? Get out of here, you fat slob, get out, get out!"

Vida was screaming and swearing at her nurse now. She flung everything off the dresser, watched it smash to the floor. Picking up a lamp, she aimed it at the nurse's head. She feigned throwing it, and laughed as the nurse ducked. Vida enjoyed watching that fool nurse become flustered.

But the nurse did not get as upset as Vida would have liked. Instead, she gave her some pills to calm her down. The pills made Vida drowsy; she decided to sleep for a few hours before her dumb parents got here.

When she awoke, she felt refreshed; she had slept well. Looking around, she saw remnants of her morning's outburst.

"Oh no," she groaned. "When my parents come, they will see what I have done. They will never take me out of this madhouse!"

She got up and began straightening her room furiously.

"Why do I do this?" she cried. "Why am I like this; why do I get so mad? What is wrong with me? Why doesn't someone help me? "

A few minutes later, the nurse entered the room.

"Hi Vida. Are you feeling better now? I hope so. You were quite upset this morning. Let me help you clean this mess."

Vida ran to her arms.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Whatever I did to you, I didn't mean it. Don't tell my parents, please! I love you. I'll clean this up, I will!"

After they had cleaned the room, the nurse left, and Vida began to get dressed for her company.

"Damn," she said.

Her hair would not go the way she wanted. But she tried as hard as she could to control herself.

"I can't get so upset," she said to herself. "I've got to be good if I want to get out of here. If only I didn't get so angry at everything."

Well, she would try very hard, today especially. She would show her parents how good she could really be. The people here were nice, but she wanted desperately to go home with her parents. They probably had her room at home all fixed up, waiting for her to return. She imagined herself going back to her old neighborhood, seeing all her old friends, and playing the games they used to play together. What fun they used to have!

It was almost two o'clock. Soon they would be here, she thought. Looking in the mirror, she checked herself one last time. She really felt confident that today her parents would realize how much she had improved; today they would take her home.

Outside Vida's room two doctors were talking.

"How's Vida?" one doctor asked.

"Oh, she's doing pretty well," his companion answered.
"Today is Wednesday so she is probably waiting for her
parents to come and take her home."

"Her parents?" The doctor looked confused. "Didn't
they pass away quite some time ago?"

"About ten years ago," his companion replied rather
sadly.

Kathy MacCarthy '74

BLACK EXPERIENCE

Years ago Black
was not so cool
Afros were out of sight

We fought then, too
but not for Liberation.

Now we're living, trying
Now the Black Experience
is here.....

Devella Brown '74

BLACK SEEDS

Black seeds
sown in the rich
earth-Motherland
Africa: our heritage.

Black seeds in this
country
Sown in the minds
buried in ignorance,
Yet we do live -- in the ghetto.

Devella Brown '74

Picture him
Standing proud
Black and proud
Shouting "liberation"
and writing songs
about our lives
in jammed apartment
houses

I am without a friend this quiet night,
In a land where snow falls.
This is the first time I have left,
I am like a bird that has flown away.
While here, under the lamp I am all alone,
At home, with joy I talk to friends.
We parted like the drifting clouds,
A year has gone its way like flowing water.
Still I have not gone back home.
Alone at night I well remember my land,
As I look at the moon, my tear will fall.
In my native land, the moon is especially bright.

SOCIETY

Knowing, not stating,
Seeing, but not questioning,
Condemning without understanding,
Taking, but never giving:
A society deaf to the individual's bitter cry
for help.

Man must be at peace with
himself
Before he can involve himself with
another.

Marie Rivers '74

WITHERED MEMORIES

The thought withered in by brain
like a flower with no water.

It had been a seed that was planted
and bloomed.

It grew big and colorful and
lived on cherished moments.

It flourished with hopes and dreams
that could be reality.

But the flower was picked,
left to die, and the cherished moments
became only memories.

And with the memories the flower
withered slowly.

Then the stem was taken.

The flower fell to pieces and with it me.

Deborah DiPietro '73



NEARLY FOREVER?

Remember our past togetherness
 responding smiles
 corresponding whiles

Time ran on
 as we sat still
 (it always will)

We had it all figured
 you and I
 knew why

BUT...

Circumstantial season changed
 our souls dispersed
 ceased to converse

Our bodies still reach out
 necessary division
 result of no revision

Take care, my love
 someone else for you
 and me too

BUT...

Alison Parkhurst '74

As time goes by
I really wonder about it.
I think about the past
I think about the future.
I rarely think about
TODAY.
The past is gone...never to return.
The future is out of reach for me right now.

Today is what really counts.
It will only bring a
 brighter tomorrow.

Theo Suchodolski '74

AN ACROBAT NAMED GEORGE

After thinking it over for some time, George decided to get a job. He had no experience, but he thought it was time to learn something. After all, he was already three weeks old and couldn't live off his friend, Simon, forever.

That day a circus was about to open in his home town of Albuquerque. What a chance for a job! He always wanted to be an acrobat. Just thinking of tumbling and cartwheeling and the possibility of trapeze work excited him. He quickly called Simon.

"Simon, what are you doing today? If you're not busy, could I hitch a ride into town with you? I'm going to try to get a job as a circus performer."

"That's a good idea. I think the rest of guys are going to watch them set up this afternoon. About 11:30 then?"

"Fine with me. Thanks a lot."

At almost 11:30, Simon came to pick him up.

"Good luck," he said, "I hope you get the job."

When he arrived at the circus grounds, George went straight to the ringmaster. His office was in one of the large trailers whose interior was paneled and had wall-to-wall carpeting. Mr. J. B. Daringer, the ringmaster, was seated at a desk on the opposite side of the room.

"What do you want?" he roared. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

Shaking nervously, George sauntered up to the desk trying to look calm.

"I've come to join the circus," he stated. "I've no experience, but I learn very quickly."

Since J. B. was impressed by George's outward appearance, he decided to hire him.

"Okay, go to wardrobe and see if they can find you something to wear. I'll get someone to teach you the ropes."

"After all," J. B. thought to himself, "we don't get many of his type around here! Besides, he's pretty small, and I think that will provide him with the drive to go ahead."

George barely made it out of the office because his knees began to quiver as the nervousness left him. In the distance, he saw Simon.

"I got it!" he cried elatedly. "I got the job!"

So George travelled from city to city, from state to state, and even from country to country with the Daringer Travelling Circus. With each performance, he did tumbling and cartwheeling, and eventually, he came to do trapeze work. He became known internationally for his acrobatic skills, but no matter how accustomed he had become to it, he was still thrilled at the sound of his own name during his introduction. It was like a dream to him. He felt as though any minute something would happen, and then his career would be ended. Then what would he do?

On a return visit to one of the cities, George met Abilene, an acrobat with another circus. As would be expected, they fell in love. The two of them convinced J. B. to take on Abilene as a partner for George. They worked so well together that J. B. consented to give them the main act. For their debut they wanted to do something original and breathtaking. Then they thought of it--a triple somersault. George would first catch Abilene, and then she would catch him. It was extremely dangerous, but they were daring.

On the opening night of their new performance, the big tent was bulging with people. Looking out into the audience, George and Abilene could see the familiar faces of many of their old friends. Simon waved to them from the front row applauding with all his might for his old buddy. Then the big moment came. George climbed the ladder on one side, Abilene on the other. They began to swing back and forth, jumping from one swing to the other. The start of the drum roll signified the new stunt. The audience held their breath as the tension mounted. A ripple of excitement ran through the crowd. Ready...Abilene swung from her swing... one flip--two flips--three flips--and into the arms of George. Then as she returned to her trapeze, George prepared for his turn. Again...one--two--three--and George caught hold of his girl's wrists. The breathless audience broke into applause.

"Yay, George, I knew you could do it!" cried Simon.

"That was fantastic," someone else yelled.

"Three cheers for George and Abilene!"

"Hip, hip hooray!"

Beaming radiantly, the couple descended from their platforms. They bowed to the madly cheering crowd. Right then and there, both George and Abilene knew that all their dreams had been fulfilled. After a successful four years around the world, they were able to retire comfortably to their old town and to Simon. The three of them lived for a long while together. George kept a poster from the circus that said: "The Daringer Travelling Circus is proud to present: George and Abilene, Acrobats."

Those days will never be forgotten. Oh by the way, did I tell you? George and Abilene are fleas!!

Janet Karabashian '74

ORANGE MUFFINS

I baked orange muffins
I made them myself
I frosted them and sprinkled them
with crunch and when
I was done they looked fine.
I worked hard and I was proud
In ten minutes they were eaten.

Martha Dawson '74

IF I ASK YOU

If I ask you, will you come?
Or must I wait till you
 are ready?
Please come down off your cold,
 marble pedestal
And sit with me in the soft grass
 That grows at its base.

Susan Goering '74

LIFE

Old woman, look at me;
Twenty years but there's so much more.
Tell me, old woman, where should I go?
My life is so much like yours.

They say there's a whole new world
beyond the small one I live,
but how do I get there?
There's The Mountains and The Cities
The Valleys and The Oceans, but
where are they, old woman, tell me --
where is all the love and beauty they speak of

I've got a weight on me that's breaking my back;
Tell me, old woman, what should I do?
I'm suffocating beneath the somewheres, the
somethings, the someones. Where should I go?
Why is my life so much like yours, old woman?

Randi Rome '73

HOT DOG

Act One

SCENE 1. The cramped quarters of LIEUTENANT JOSEPH KELLY. His quarters consists of one army cot and stacks of crates. The crates are used as shelves, chairs, and a desk. Papers, clothing, guns and various other weapons of war are thrown everywhere. To the right is a ragged cloth door. Through this cloth door, a dim ray of light falls onto the stage. On the desk is an oil lamp and a few standing photographs.

Time: Sometime during 1971.

Place: Hamburger Hill, South Vietnam.

At Rise: It is late evening, The lamp is lit. LIEUTENANT KELLY enters through the cloth door, and he falls upon the cot. He drops his gun to the floor. He opens his shirt and he places his hands under his head. Looking at the ceiling, he just lies there, tired of war and responsibility.

He is about thirty. Once a very handsome young man, the years of service are now beginning to show in his face. He is very tall and slim.

He reaches for the photographs on the desk when a loud crash is heard to the left. Two crates fall to the floor.

KELLY. (shouting and reaching for his gun). All right! Get out from behind there! (pointing his gun). I said get out of there, or I'll fill your body full of holes!

(A small Vietnamese boy about five years old cautiously steps from behind the fallen crates. He is hiding something behind his body.)

KELLY. (lowering his gun). Come here! (The boy does not move.) I said come here! (Reluctantly, the boy moves closer.) What are you doing here? What are you hiding? (The boy tries to run, but LIEUTENANT KELLY grabs his arm. Two ration cans fall.)

HOT DOG. (pleading). I was just hungry! I was just hungry! Please don't kill me! Please don't shoot me! Please!

KELLY. Sit down, here. (KELLY opens the ration cans, and he hands one to HOT DOG, keeping the other one for himself.) Eat this. What is your name? Where do you come from? Isn't your family worried about you? It's awful late.

HOT DOG. (between gulps of food). My name is Hot Dog. I have no family.

KELLY. (Laughing). Hot Dog! Where did you ever get that name? Where did you learn to speak English so well?

HOT DOG. (still eating). I learned how to speak English at an American Catholic Mission. When it was blown up, I moved from one American base to another. The G.I.'s just began to call me Hot Dog, so here I am.

KELLY. You mean you don't have anyone to take care of you at all?

HOT DOG. Nope. (He finishes the can of rations and looks at LIEUTENANT KELLY's half-empty can.)

KELLY. (giving his ration can to HOT DOG). Here, you can have the rest of mine. (HOT DOG takes it gladly, and he quickly finishes it.) Well, you can stay here for now until I can see what I can do with you. Maybe I could use you here. (He looks around the room.) But we'll see. It's getting awful late. Why don't you lie down here on my cot. I'll sleep on the chair. (HOT DOG lies down on the cot.) LIEUTENANT KELLY covers him up.) Now, don't worry, Hot Dog. Everything will be all right. You know, I had a son just about your age. He had black hair and brown eyes just like you. (LIEUTENANT KELLY gazes off into the distance as if in a dream.) I remember how I left him at the airport two years ago when my leave was up. How he ran to me, giving me a great big hug. Then he backed away, saluted, and said that he was the man of the house while I was gone. (Pause.) He was killed in an automobile accident two weeks later. (Pause.) How hard it must be for Helen to wait all alone. (He lowers his head onto the desk; HOT DOG is already asleep.)

CURTAIN

Scene 2. It is a week later. HOT DOG is dressed in one of LIEUTENANT KELLY's shirts and rolled-up trousers. HOT DOG is sitting on LIEUTENANT KELLY's cot, polishing his boots. LIEUTENANT KELLY's quarters is very clean; everything is in its place. LIEUTENANT KELLY is sitting by the desk.

KELLY. You know, Hot Dog, I've heard enlisted men can adopt Vietnamese orphans if they can get through some red tape. Well, what do you say? Would you like to go to America and live with Helen and me?

HOT DOG. (very excited and happy). Oh! Yes! Yes! Do you really think I could? America! United States of America! Me, Hot Dog, in the United States of America with Helen and Joe! Oh boy! When? When?

KELLY. (laughing). Well, it is not for certain, but I have connections with General Winters; he's my uncle. I'm sure he can help us. I know, let's call him right now! (They exit.)

CURTAIN

Scene 3. Two days later. LIEUTENANT KELLY's quarters. LIEUTENANT KELLY and HOT DOG enter, very happy.

KELLY. Well, Hot Dog, it's all settled. You will leave tomorrow morning by helicopter. It will take you to an Air Force base where you will leave by jet, landing in Los Angeles, California fifteen hours later. Helen will meet you at the airport in California. (Pause.) Hot Dog, you'll love Helen just as much as I do. She is dying to meet you. (sadly). Ever since little Billy died...(He stops talking without even finishing the sentence, and he lowers his head.)

HOT DOG. Please don't be sad. I love you. You have me now. Please say you love me and you want me.

KELLY. I do love you, Hot Dog. When I get out of here, we'll all be able to be together: Helen, you and I. There's been a lot of talk about a withdrawal.

HOT DOG. I hope it's soon.

CURTAIN

Act Two.

Scene 1. The next morning. LIEUTENANT KELLY and HOT DOG are waiting for the helicopter. The stage is covered with barbed wire and sandbags. Both are lying on the floor surrounded by the sandbags.

KELLY. I hope that helicopter comes soon. There has been a lot of talk about a massive Communist movement about five miles from here. Those V.C. move fast. (Pause.) Just think, Hot Dog, soon you'll be heading for America!

HOT DOG. I'm so excited! Pretty soon, you'll be heading there, too. We'll be together gain!

(Suddenly light flash. Rifle shots, exploding bombs, and machine guns can be heard. LIEUTENANT KELLY starts to shoot but is shot in the chest. HOT DOG reaches out to LIEUTENANT KELLY, but a bomb explodes near him. HOT DOG falls on LIEUTENANT KELLY's body. The battle sounds soften. The sound of helicopters can be heard.)

CURTAIN

WINTER IS.....

(some thoughts on the subject)

Winter is a season of the mind, not necessarily of the weather.

Winter is not feeling very warm
until you get inside
and everyone else has that same idea.

Winter is sitting alone in the dorm on
Friday night

because everyone else has gone
thinking they can find themselves
in a can of beer

and you're sure you have better things
to do

but you haven't found out what they
are yet--

and you still think you will.

Winter is outliving all of your friends
and knowing you'll see them again one day
on the other side.

Winter is an empty flowerpot,
a bare tree, a frozen pond,
a house waiting for the moving van to
come.

Winter is children--
children yet to be born and the promises
each contains which some do not recognize.

Winter is being positive that April is
coming

even though it's only January 8th
and the thermometer says "three"
instead of "sixty-three."

Winter is life gone back to basics
a trip back to the desert
fresh water for the soul.

Clare Chapin '73

IMPRESSIONS FROM WINDOW SEAT NO. 22

Darkness creeps into the pastel haze of a winter sunset

Headlights shine and illuminate the path for another journey

one more time

one more place

All these strangers assembled here-- alone together-

Each has his own separate space

Each confines himself to a book

Avoiding conversation with a different face

I see his face, merely a silhouette reflected in the window

superimposed upon passing scenery

Occasionally his eyes dart from one passenger to another

It's a game one plays called analyze each other

What can he guess by the look in their eyes

or the clothes they wore today?

Lost in thought, his mind a million miles away from

Aisle Seat No. 21

His head bobs, then falls back

Surrendering to the monotone hum

Hours and miles later

he has reached the end of his trip

Then rising to get his bag

he just smiles and says

good-bye

Carol Young

COTTON CANDY

Spring fills our hearts
with light, pink, fluffy clouds
that simply float along.

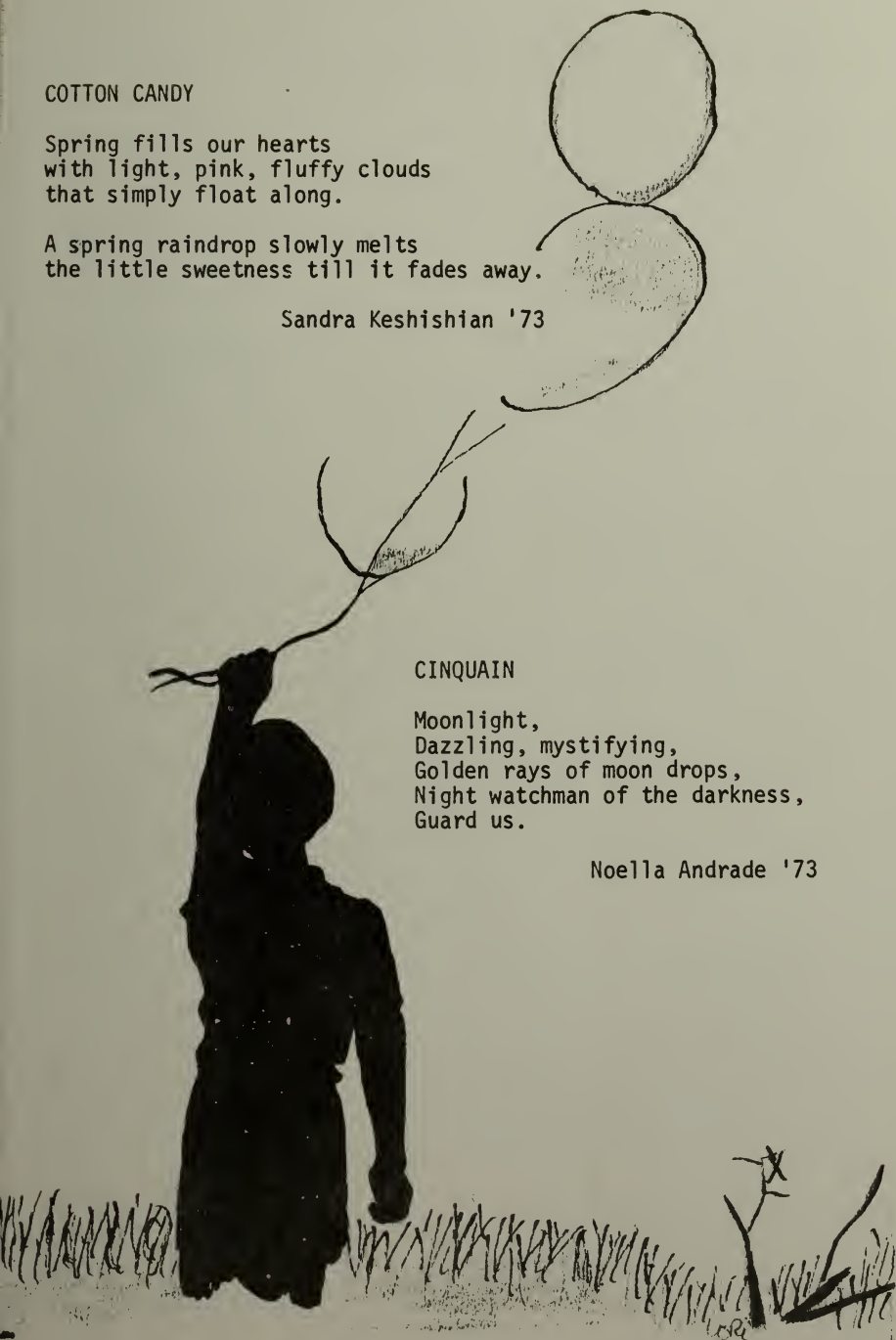
A spring raindrop slowly melts
the little sweetness till it fades away.

Sandra Keshishian '73

CINQUAIN

Moonlight,
Dazzling, mystifying,
Golden rays of moon drops,
Night watchman of the darkness,
Guard us.

Noella Andrade '73



LOVE NEVER MADE THE WORLD GO ROUND

Act One

SCENE 1. On a piping hot midsummer's day in the Piney Woods, the fox and the badger sat side by side in the shade of a tree, dividing their energies between drinking gin and sweating. Earlier they had attempted to play a set of tennis, but the heat had proved too much for the fox. Clutching at his chest and mumbling about the white spots before his eyes, that somewhat overweight creature had staggered off the court and sought refuge in the shade. The badger, willing to help, fetched the drinks, though convinced that the fox's dizziness had been faked to finish a match he was losing.

FOX. (relieved). I feel better now! (taking another long swallow from his glass.)

BADGER. Anybody would, after that gin.

(The fox was still picking his brain for suitable come-back, when his attention was distracted by two creatures emerging from the woods some way off.)

FOX. Who is that coming this way?

BADGER. (shrugging his shoulders). Never saw them in my life. A couple of strange dogs, by the looks of them.

FOX. (whispering to the badger). They are strange! Look at them with the beaded necklaces, little bells and bangles.

BADGER (also whispering). Look at their long hair and the flowers in it!

(Each animal wore a long and gaily colored robe, and a shiny chain at the waist, and sandals. One dog carried a guitar slung over his shoulder, while the other carried a stringed instrument.)

FOX. (amazed). Those dogs have got to be joking!

BADGER. (poking the Fox). Quiet! And mind your manners. (To the dogs in a hospitable voice) Welcome strangers! Welcome to the Piney Woods!

(The dogs response was curious. They just looked at one another, smiled, then looked back to the badger and shook their heads.)

BADGER. (anxiously). Did--did I say something wrong?

(The dogs again looked at each other with the same smile.)

FIRST DOG. (to the second). Man, I'm afraid this badger hasn't got it together.

SECOND DOG. (agreeing). Like, this badger is on a bad scene.

(The fox and the badger were filled with uncertainty with their statements.)

BADGER. (confused). I--I don't quite understand.

FIRST DOG. Let me fill you in Clyde. Like nobody's a stranger! We're all brothers! Everybody! In the whole wide world! You dig?

FOX (kind of disgusted). Only when I have to. But the badger digs all the time, being an underground sort of animal.

FIRST DOG. You got to be putting me on, man. Like, nobody's that square.

BADGER. (to the dogs): I would suggest that you express yourself in-er-more usual terms, as the fox and I are getting confused.

(The dogs talk to one another in silence.)

FIRST DOG. Sam, I think we got to start from scratch with these two.

FOX. I got that bit. Yes, please do start from scratch.

FIRST DOG. Well--you got to think of the whole world as being divided into two camps. In one camp are the squares and in the other camp are the love-children.

FOX. Which are you?

FIRST DOG. We (pausing) are the love-children.

FOX. And that is good, is it?

FIRST DOG. That is out of sight!

FOX. And the square camp is bad, is it?

FIRST DOG. Bad is too kind.

FOX. (impressed). I think I'm beginning to understand.

BADGER. I'm not! Precisely, what is the difference between these two camps?

FIRST DOG. That's where it's at man. Like, the squares are one hung up bunch of cats. They can't get it together. They see life in terms of conflict, work, possessions, position and security. But the love-children know that all those things are hateful things that bring out the worst in people. They lead to brother against brother, they lead to doing people down, instead of doing your own thing.

BADGER. Then what do the love-children believe in?

SECOND DOG. (interrupting). Love. Love of everything and everybody. Having your own bag. Knowing where it's at. Getting it together.

FOX. Crazy man! (Who hasn't the faintest idea what the dog is talking about, but is impressed.)

(The dog gave a meaningful glance at the badger's gin. The badger, being hospitable, fetched two more glasses and a pitcher. The two dogs, full of ease and enjoyment after telling their love-child philosophy, were relieved.)

CURTAIN

SCENE 2. Visions of perfect ever-leisurely worlds danced inside their heads. Later on that day, the fox and the badger excused themselves from the dogs and roamed the length and breadth of the Piney Woods, explaining the new philosophy to its inhabitants.

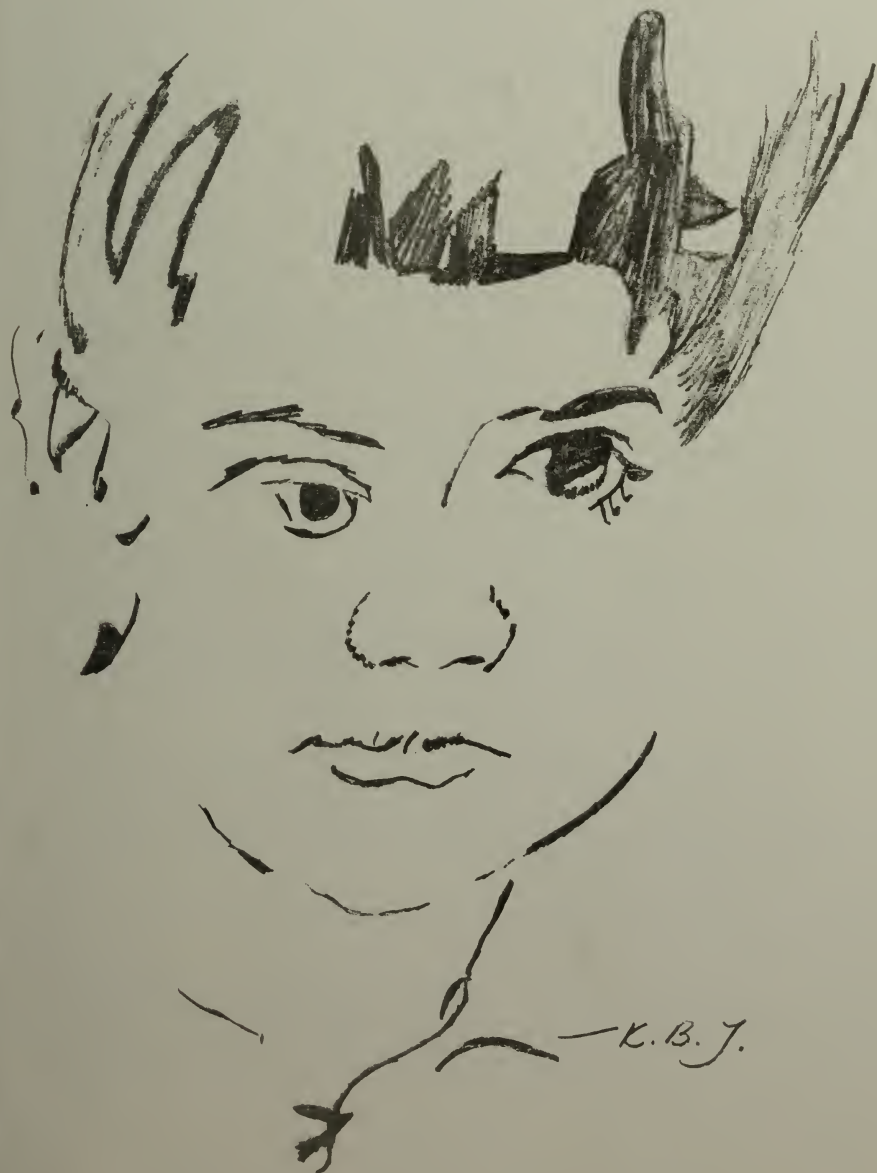
By five o'clock the next evening, all productive activity had come to a halt. For several days afterwards, most of the animals occupied their new-found leisure time with listening to the two dogs strum on their instruments, and watching them drink vast quantities of gin.

Then the inevitable happened: since nobody was attending to the practical side of life, everything started to do wrong. Fires started and nobody put them out. All the stores ran out of supplies because nobody had bothered to order more. By the end of the week in the Piney Woods, nobody could get a drink or a sandwich, and the two dogs left, saying that

the Piney Woods, which was in chaos, was no longer where it was at.

And for the next two weeks, all the animals had to work harder and longer than they ever had in their lives, just to get things back to normal.

Catherine Stefanakis '74



BEASTS

Sighing, I looked at the clock as it struck midnight. Not a soul was around Wall Street at this hour. My footsteps echoed in the deserted street. For some reason I felt uneasy, though it was not unusual for me to work this late. I hurried on.

The night was chilly. I pulled my collar up and felt glad the subway was so close. Gradually I became aware of a sound behind me--I might even say following me. The sound was familiar, yet I couldn't remember ever hearing it before, as if it were something I should know by instinct alone. I quickened my steps.

Gathering courage, but with my heart beating fast, I turned my head. A bulk darker than the night around it ducked into a doorway. But I saw two green eyes in that darkness. They gleamed with a greenish violence that shocked me. Fear shook like a scream in my throat. I turned toward the subway lights up ahead and started to run.

I broke out in a cold sweat. I ran harder. I could hear the strange sounds behind me. It was nothing human. No mugger this time, but the padding feet of some giant beast hitting the ground as its leaps grew faster and faster.

I reached the subway stairs and not so much descended as fell forward. The station platform was deserted. It was a dead end, a trap, but I ran as far back as possible. Now in the glaring light I could make out the dark image at last, though it moved cautiously in the shadows of stairs and confection machines. It was still coming towards me.

There was nothing else to do. I leapt onto the tracks. I remembered a maintenance door part way up the tunnel. I had seen a workman dash into it once when a train was coming. That would be safety, a reprieve from the dark fate that followed me.

I ran, but already I could hear the breathing of the beast. He was gaining on me!

Suddenly from up ahead came a sound that stopped my heart with fear, a huge rumbling sound, a train! I quickened my pace as much as I could, but I was already out of breath. My legs ached, my throat was dry, and my chest a knot of pain.

The train was coming straight ahead. Who will finally finish me, I wondered, the beast behind or the thundering wheels rushing toward me? The train was upon me, but it was just a few more steps. I swung the door open, slipped inside, and slammed it shut just as the noisy crash of the wheels shook the heavy steel. Above that sound somewhere came a wild screech of terror--the beast! The train had finished the beast instead of me.

I sank down in the blackness. The cold door against my back was comforting. Gratitude flooded through me as I drew the air into my aching lungs. I was safe at last. My breathing was so heavy from my running and exhaustion that it was some time before I noticed the heavy breathing of the other.

Fearfull, slowly, I looked around me. Its breathing became deeper and louder. There in a dark corner I could make out a darker form in the dark room. I saw the unmistakable glint of the eyes, and an animal smell came sickeningly to my nostrils.

My mind began to spin. I felt faint with fear, and a sudden numbness came over me. My jubilation turned to hopelessness and I knew. A beast had followed me and had been killed. I had found a temporary refuge. But there was no safety because that was not the only beast loose in the city.

Sonja Swanson '74



Waking each morning to the pounding surf,
 He leaves his cabin on the rocks near the sea
 And walks the beach in the early morn sun.
A starfish wet from the ocean spray,
 He saves with others he's found washed away.
 Alone, his footprints leave the trail of a man.
 Whose life is solitude and destined to be free.
His mind is deep and wide like the sea--
 His thoughts as boundless as the rolling tide--
 That's forever in motion
 Forever in change
 Yet forever within him.
 Here he finds an inner peace
 His tranquil soul blends with the dawn.
 He laughs to see a gull splashed by the tide
 and feeling free
Turns back to the shelter of his home.
 The beach, now empty in the fiery sun,
 leaves no trace
 of a lone beachcomber;
 His trail of prints erased by the sea,
 are washed away in eternity.

Carol Young



WORDS

Where would we be without words--

The words that started the war that killed
thousands and solves nothing,

The words that say stop pollution while we
all choke on stale air, dirty water,

The words that started the needle that led so many
to unnecessary miseries and untimely deaths,

The words that have made man afraid to walk the
streets for fear of other men,

The words that have turned beauty into evil,
destruction, black dust,

The words that have turned dreams into nightmares--

Where would we be without words?

Randi Rome '73

HUMAN AND REALITY EQUAL INFINITY

Here, deep, now gone
Here it is, there it was
A supreme communication.
HU...

Take a walk
Look, see
It sparkles through
two enormous infinities
like a bright movement.
How close can I get to this
touch of reality?
Reach up for it, grab it,
drop it.

MAN

Stop this
I can't stand it any longer
It's that hideous thought
of being human.

Rhonda Schnee '74

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT:

Bombs bursting, brighten the horizon
The moans of the dying generation
fill the night....

ALL IS CALM; ALL IS BRIGHT:

Guns fire from everywhere; grenades
explode.

Millions are dying; no end is in sight.

ROUND YON VIRGIN, MOTHER AND CHILD, HOLY INFANT SO TENDER AND MILD:

Today's youth are swiftly swept away.

Families are broken; the innocent run wild....

SLEEP IN HEAVENLY PEACE; SLEEP IN HEAVENLY PEACE:

The chaplain finishes the prayers.

The remaining souls mournfully carry
off the bodies.

They were born: they fought: they died.

SILENT NIGHT...

HOLY NIGHT...

Susan Goering '74



MJF

